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The Proprietor has concluded, that a reduction in the price of the LEADER will be made, so as to be in accordance with the rates of other papers published in this city. The subscription price of the LEADER, for one year, is \$10.00 in advance. Five Cents will be charged on all orders for copies, where the name of the subscriber is written on it. An extra copy will be sent to the person who writes on it. An extra copy will be sent to the person who writes on it.

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If your teeth are good,
read the following lines. If your teeth are bad,
read the following lines. If your teeth are good,
read the following lines. If your teeth are bad,
read the following lines.

DR. B. F. ROBINSON HAS RE-
ceived his Dental Office at 211 Superior Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

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Cleveland, Ohio.

YANKEE DOODLE FOREVER.
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NOT PIX.—Just received a new sup-
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Cleveland, Ohio.

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THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, '60.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING.

For City News see third page.

For Market Reports and Marine News see fourth page.

PICTURES IN THE COALS.

Sitting by my pleasant fire light,
The dark and dim December night,
Making pictures in the soles
Of a slowly dying ember—
Lo! from out the flames arising,
Stomped up by the heated coals,
Is the village of my childhood
That I ever see in dreams.

There, between the rows of maple,
Is the broad and grassy grove street;
There, behind the shadowing branches,
Stand the houses, pale and neat.
There, beneath the covered porches,
Are forms that never more will come;
For those hours have passed their being,
And those lips are cold and dumb.

But upon the sunny hill side,
Where the village church does stand,
The shadow of the spire is pointing
As the finger of a guiding hand.
Wandering ever in the grave-yard
From morning red till set of sun,
Pointing where we too, shall slumber
When our little life is done.

Yonder is the dim, blue mountain,
There, upon the plain below,
Stands the farm-house, with its windows
Biting in the sun and glow.
A mist now rising from the valley
Shuts the blue stream from my sight,
But I know upon its surface
Float the water lilies white.

Yonder are the clover meadows,
Where the twinkling stars are seen;
There my happy little schoolmates,
Playing on the village green!
Forever children—still I love them—
Years are filling fast my eyes—
The burning embers now have fallen;
My village in the ashes lies.

O, in vain we ever strive
After things beyond our reach,
Little heedful all the lessons
Life's most simple things may teach.
Little thinking what true pleasure
Simple joys may bring our souls—
Even fading, dying embers—
Even pictures in the coals.

The Well in the Rock.

"Why, granny, what is the matter with you?"
Rachel Woolcott asked this question, and
set down the large lead tray from which she
was cutting some slices for supper.

The father came into the room, the large,
stout man, in his farmer's trousers of two-
colored cloth and a blue coat, and a man
suddenly struck blind.

"Yes, father, what is the matter?" queried the
alarming voice of Mrs. Woolcott, as she ran
out of the bedroom, where she was just laying
away the week's ironing.

"I guess I'm kinder shaky, wife. Won't you
bring me a cup of water—quick!"

A moment later Mrs. Woolcott returned, her
nug filled to the brim with the clear liquid,
which her husband held in his great hands,
but they shook so that he could hardly convey
it to his lips, while Rachel stood by, looking at
her father in dismay.

"He says he was taken about an hour ago,
in the fields, it's a d, like, whispered the girl
to her mother.

"Mercy on us! how in the world did it come
on, father? cried the pale little woman; and she
peered into the chamber but ghastly face that
now rested against the old oak chair. "Father,
you're run against some trouble!"

Mrs. Woolcott's wifely heart could not be
deceived long.

"Don't, don't, mother!"

The man put up his hand deprecatingly,
but a great groan heaved up from his iron
chest.

Mrs. Woolcott's face grew pale, as did her
daughters, but it was only for a moment—
she bowed down under the unknown blow
which had prostrated her husband. "I see,"
she said, taking his great hand in both of hers,
"you know when you took me, a young, in-
experienced thing, twenty-three years ago, with
nobility but the little pasteur lot in Corn's Lane
to bring you for my portion, I promised to stick
to you, a true and loving wife, to the day when
death should part us. I reckon I have tried
to do it. I have. We've had bright times and
sorrowful ones since we've walked the same
road, but I reckon the good ones have out-
weighed the other, and we've pulled together in
all things, and never had a hard word or a
hard thought for more than a minute, and I
trust I shall never have a minute's regret for
what I have done."

"That's not much of a talker, little Mrs.
Woolcott, but now her true woman's heart fired
her lips with native eloquence, as she stood
there with the still tears in her eyes and the
brave smile about her pale mouth.

Farmer Woolcott looked at his wife, and for
a moment the man forgot everything but the
true heart which beat for him in that little
woman's breast.

"It's true, Massey, every word you've said—
You've been the blindest comfort and help-
mate that ever a man had; you've taken the
heaviest side of my burdens, and borne with
my faults, and I've allus felt I never deserved
such a blessing as you, any more'n a frail mor-
tal man does an angel to walk by his side; and
it isn't for myself half as much as for you I
care, but it comes tough to give it up." And
the man's head sank down heavily.

"Got to give up what, father? Don't hold it
back any longer."

"The old homestead, Massey, where you and I
have lived so many years, and tried to bring up
our children in the fear of God."

"Our house, father?"

Mrs. Woolcott cried the words out sharply,
as though there dwelt great pain and amaze-
ment in her breast.

"That's it, mother. Seth Rogers has got
hold of an old deed of land, which belonged to
his grandfather about fifty years ago, and I
learned this afternoon for the first time—
The orchard, and the house itself, every
timber of which has the face of an old friend,
will have to go."

"O, what'll become of us all!" cried Rachel,
and she sank down and burst into tears. An
hour ago her heart had been like a country
full of fragrance and sweet song, and far reaching
mountains of delight; and now the mists had
arisen from the sea and blurred out all the
goodly prospects, and the winds lashed the
storm gathered over the young girl's life.

Mrs. Woolcott felt it quietly. The tears ran
over her faded cheeks as she moaned out,
"O, it is hard, so hard, father!"

"That's it, Massey. I've got to put my
prime now, and I've little hope of ever build-
ing a new roof to shelter my head in its old age.
You know what with my rheumatism, and the
children's sickness, and debts, and failures in
the crops, I never was for handed."

"He won't show us any mercy, will he, father?"
cried the soft, broken voice of Rachel,
while Joseph stood by twisting his fingers
together, his rubicund visage elongated in a
look of solemn anxiety.

"Not a bit, daughter. Seth Rogers' heart is as
hard as Pharaoh's."

"Well, Isaac, we'll look to the Lord in
this great trouble, be on our side, and that is
better than all that wicked man's money."

"That's it, mother, then words of yours are
amazing comforting to a man in sorrow."

At this moment a cracked, tremulous voice
was heard at the door.

"What do you think I come across this blea-
sed day up in my garret?"

Coal Oil.

S. S. BARRIE,

Manufacturer

WHOLESALE DEALER

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